NUMB. CXLI.

# The GUARDIAN.

*Frange, miser, calamos, vigilataque prælia dele,*
*Qui facis in parvâ sublimia Carmina Cellâ,*
*Ut dignus venias Hederis, & Imagine Macrâ.* Juv.

*Saturday, August 22. 1713.*

WIT, saith the Bishop of *Rochester* in his excellent Sermon against the Scorner, *as implies a certain subtilness, Reach and Vivacity of Thought, is an Excellent Talent, very fit to be employed in the Search of Truth, and very capable of assisting us to discern and embrace it.* I shall take leave to carry this Observation further into common Life, and remark, that it is a Faculty, when properly directed, very fit to recommend young Persons to the Favour of such Patrons, as are generously studious to promote the Interest of Politeness, and the Honour of their Country. I am therefore much grieved to hear the frequent Complaints of some rising Authors whom I have taken under my Guardianship. Since my Circumstances will not allow me to give them due Encouragement, I must take upon me the Person of a Philosopher, and make them a Present of my Advice. I would not have any Poet whatsoever, who is not born to Five hundred a Year, deliver himself up to Wit; but as it is subservient to the Improvement of his Fortune. This Talent is useful in all Professions, and should be considered not as a Wife, but as an Attendant. Let them take an old Man's Word; the Desire of Fame grows languid in a few Years, and Thoughts of Ease and Convenience erase the Fairy Images of Glory and Honour. Even those who have succeeded both in Fame and Fortune, look back on the petty Trifles of their Youth with some Regret, when their Minds are turned to more exalted and useful Speculations. This is admirably express'd in the following Lines, by an Author, whom I have formerly done Justice to on the Account of his Pastoral Poems.

*In search of Wisdom, far from Wit I fly,*
*Wit is a Flower, sweetness to the Eye,*
*In whose bewitching Arms our early Time*
*We waste, and Vigour of our manlier Prime:*
*But when Reflection comes with graver Thought,*
*And Manhood with a Thoughtful Brow appears;*
*We cast the Withered Wreath away,*
*And, wed to Wisdom, bear a homely Life.*

A Friend, which happened in the former Years of my confirmed several Maxims of Frugality in my Mind. A Woollen-draper of my Acquaintance, remarkable for his Learning and Good-nature, pulled out his Pocket Book, wherein he shewed me on the one End several well-chosen Mottos and on the other Patterns of Cloth at the same. — This [illegible] Man, treated both sorts of Goods, [illegible] tore out the Mottos, and generously gave them to me; but, with great Prudence, put up the Patterns in his Pocket again.

I am sensible, that any Accounts of my own Secret History can have but little weight with young Men of Sanguine Expectations. I shall therefore take this Opportunity to present my Wards with the

(Price Two Pence.)

the Hiſtory of an Ancient *Greek* Poet, which was ſent me from the Library of *Fez*, and is to be found there in the End of a very Ancient Manuſcript of *Homer*'s Works, which was brought by the Barbarians from *Conſtantinople*. The Name of the Poet is worn out, nor have the Criticks yet determined it. I have faithfully tranſlated part of it, and deſire that it may be diligently perused by all Men who deſign to live by their Wits.

'I was born at the foot of a certain Mountain 'in *Greece* called *Parnaſſus*, where the Country is 'remarkably delicious. My Mother, while ſhe 'was with Child of me, longed for Laurel Leaves; 'and, as I lay in my Cradle, a Swarm of Bees ſet-'tled about my Mouth, without doing me any In-'jury. Theſe were looked upon as Preſages of my 'being a Great Man; and the early Promiſes I 'gave of a quick Wit and lively Fancy, confirmed 'the high Opinion my Friends had conceived of 'me.. It would be an idle Tale to relate the tri-'fling Adventures of my Youth, till I arrived at 'my Twentieth Year. It was then that the 'Love I bore to a beautiful young Virgin, with 'whom I had innocently and familiarly converſed 'from my Childhood, became the Publick Talk of 'our Village. I was ſo taken up with my Paſſion, 'that I entirely neglected all other Affairs; and tho' 'the Daughter of *Machaon* the Phyſician, and a rich 'Heireſs, the Daughter of a famous *Grecian* Orator, 'were offered me in Marriage. I peremptorily refuſed 'both the Matches, and raſhly vowed to live and die 'with the lovely *Polybymnia*. In vain did my Parents 'remonſtrate to me, that the Tradition of her being 'deſcended from the Gods, was no good a Portion 'for one of my narrow Fortunes; that, except 'her fine Grotto-houſe and Garden, ſhe had not one 'Foot of Land; and tho' ſhe ſhould gain the Law-'Suit about the Summit of *Parnaſſus*, (which yet 'had many Pretenders to it) that the Air was ſo 'pleaſant there, and the Ground ſo barren, that it 'would certainly ſtarve the Poſſeſſor. I fear my 'Obſtinacy in this Particular, broke my Mother's 'Heart, who died a little time after, and was ſoon 'followed by my Father.

'I now found my ſelf at Liberty, and, notwith-'ſtanding the Oppoſition of a great many Rivals, I 'won and eſpouſed *Polybymnia*. Our Amour was 'known to the whole Country, and all who ſaw, 'extolled the Beauty of my Miſtreſs, and pronoun-'ced me happy in the Poſſeſſion of ſo many Charms. 'We lived in great Splendor and Gaiety, I being 'perſuaded that high Living was neceſſary to keep 'up my Reputation and the Beauty of my Miſtreſs. 'From whence I had daily Expectations given me of 'a Poſt in the Government, or ſome lucrative Preſent 'from the great Men of our Commonwealth. I 'was ſo proud of my Partner, that I was perpetu-'ally bringing Company to ſee her, and was a little 'tireſome to my Acquaintance, by talking continu-'ally of her ſeveral Beauties. She her ſelf had a 'moſt exalted Conceit of her Charms, and often 'invited the Ladies to aſk their Opinions of her 'Dreſs; which if they diſapproved in any Particular, 'ſhe called them a Pack of envious inſipid Things, 'and ridiculed them in all Companies. She had a 'delicate Set of Teeth, which appeared moſt to 'Advantage when ſhe was angry; and therefore 'ſhe was very often in a Paſſion. By this impru-'dent Behaviour, when we had run out of our 'Mony, we had no living Soul to befriend us; and 'every Body cried out, it was a Judgment upon 'me for being a Slave to ſuch a proud Minx, ſuch 'a conceited Huſſy.

'I loved her paſſionately, and exclaimed againſt 'a blind and injudicious World. Beſides, I had ſe-'veral Children by her, and was likely ſtill to have 'more; for I always thought the youngeſt the moſt 'Beautiful. I muſt not forget that a certain great 'Lord offered me a conſiderable Sum, in my Ne-'ceſſity, to have the Reputation of fathering one 'of them; but I rejected his Offer with Diſdain. 'In order to ſupport her Family and Vanities, ſhe 'carried me to *Athens*; where ſhe put me upon a 'hundred Pranks to get Mony. Sometimes ſhe 'dreſt me in an Antique Robe and placed a Dia-'dem on my Head, and made me gather a Mob 'about me by talking in a bluſtering Tone, and 'unintelligible Language. Sometimes ſhe made 'me foam at the Mouth, roll my Eyes, invoke the 'Gods, and Act a Sort of Madneſs, which the *Athenians* call the *Pindariſm*. At another time ſhe 'put a Sheep hook in my Hand, and drove me 'round my Garret, calling it the Plains of *Arcadia*. 'When theſe Projects failed, ſhe gave out, with 'good Succeſs, that I was an *Old Aſtrologer*; after 'that a *Dancing Maſter*; and laſt of all ſhe made me 'paſs for [illegible].

'It may ſeem ſtrange, that, after ſo tedious a 'Slavery, I ſhould ever get my Freedom. But ſo 'it happened, that, during the three laſt Transfor-'mations, I grew acquainted with the Lady *Sophia*, 'whoſe [illegible] Charms cooled my Paſſion for '[illegible] inſomuch that ſome envious dull 'Fellow gave it out, my Miſtreſs had jilted and 'left me. But the Slanders of my Enemies were 'ſilenced by my public Eſpouſal of *Sophia*; who, 'with a Greatneſs of Soul, void of all Jealouſie, 'hath taken *Polybymnia* for her Woman, and is 'dreſt by her every Day.

LONDON: Printed for *J. Tonſon* in the *Strand*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in. 1713.